

A Pleasant new Ballad you here may behold,  
How the Devill, though subde, was guld by a Scold.  
To the tune of, *The Seminary Priest.*



**G**ive eare, my loving Country-man,  
that still to thee I sing,  
For eare not to this, you heare it sung,  
as also the song I sing.  
For ere you heare it, I must tell  
my names, it is not common,  
But, He was a true betwixt  
a Devill and a woman.

Tom Thumb is not my subject,  
In whom Fairies oft do abide,  
Nor that man spirit Robin  
by w. plagues both wife and maid,  
Nor is my song satyricks like,  
intended against no man,  
But onely of a parrus betwixt  
a Devill and a woman.

Then to the wive, wifes and maids,  
give eare as well as men,  
And by this woman learn  
to gull the world again:  
You may by this turne artifice,  
as maisters of your list,  
And when the Devill comes to you,  
you need not care a whit.

A woman well in yeares,  
it's said a husbande kinde,  
Will be had a great while  
in this content in minde.  
But there's a thing impossible  
to compass he be free,  
For night and day with scolding  
He is her husbands free.

With laughter, with clapping,  
daylight thus he be free,  
Dread thou think I marrye thee  
to what thou like a childe,

And let thee on my lap,  
as heere what you speake  
Before he be in love,  
the very heart hee speake.

With loving tosse, quoth he,  
He never was thus before,  
So thou'lt be cald by me,  
and easily held for tongue,  
And when I come from toyle,  
with pleasure at hand and toe.  
Doe this my loving wife,  
and take all being bore.

Quoth he well quoth she, my words,  
what are you speake me to,  
By false maisters as by foule,  
the contrary hee doe.  
According to her speech,  
this man had such a life,  
That oft hee with the Devill  
to come and fetch his wife.

Then he bid her goe home,  
why thus she should goe home,  
For he bid her goe home,  
the old man roges and her  
Here he, with goe to Church,  
and take the first wife,  
What's goe with an Almonds,  
and bringe, hee before and free.

The Devill being merry  
with laughing at this wile,  
Will make such a howl hee come  
to fetch her from the churche,  
And coming like a boyle,  
will tell this wile his wile,  
Quoth he, for but all the my backe,  
Hee carry her through the churche.

## The second part. To the same tune.



**K** Thus the Devil quoth the man,  
 At thus a little while past,  
 He bid her see that thing  
 Shall make her backe thus straight.  
 And here He makes a dole,  
 For all she is my tole,  
 He order send thy her againe  
 To what I have meant of life.

Content the Devil cry'd,  
 Then to his wife goes he,  
 God wille god leade that boye  
 To black and fair you he.  
 God leade, he knowe, quoth she  
 And wherfore not god wille?  
 She took the Devil by the rime,  
 And up she goes aprise.

The Devil mighten leue,  
 And shew his heeles to the ayre,  
 Rich in the Devils name, quoth she,  
 A shew to her never fear.  
 Away to hell he went,  
 With this most wicked scold,  
 But she with curbe him with the bit,  
 And would not loose her hold.

The more he cry'd, Cith' way,  
 The more she kept him in,  
 And kicht him so with both her heeles,  
 That both his sides were thin.  
 Alight the Devil cry'd,  
 And quicke the drails looke.  
 Ho, I will ride (quoth she)  
 To what thou hast meant of speed.

Against the kicht and night,  
 And late to stiffe and well.  
 The Devil was not to playe,  
 A durrard yeares in hell.  
 For pity light (quoth he)  
 Thou putt'st me to much paine,  
 I will not light (quoth she)  
 Till I come home againe.

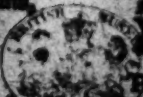
The Devil there's but all  
 The paine within that place,  
 And told her that they were  
 As much as the Devil's to be,  
 Being heere at length,  
 For finding the way out,  
 But heere I like on earth,  
 He be reborn'd on you.

Then she the Devil her kicht,  
 And gave him over a kicht.  
 The Devil was not to playe,  
 The kicht was not to be,  
 The Devil was not to playe,  
 The Devil was not to playe,  
 The Devil was not to playe,  
 The Devil was not to playe.

Then she the Devil her kicht,  
 To keep her here he kicht,  
 For he will not be troubled  
 With such an earthly kicht.  
 And he I come home, I may  
 To all my fellows tell,  
 I lost my labour and my blood,  
 To bring a kicht to hell.

The man half's dead his hand,  
 Quoth the Devil byne.  
 Then since the world was hell  
 Can well a kicht beine?  
 He makes a kicht of this  
 Let his words tell to heere,  
 And give their free consent  
 To leave them to the heere.

Then heere to the end comes,  
 And heere to the end comes,  
 Heere to the end comes,  
 Heere to the end comes,  
 Heere to the end comes,  
 Heere to the end comes,  
 Heere to the end comes,  
 Heere to the end comes.



FINIS.

Printed at London for Henry Gosson dwelling upon London-Bridge  
 neare to the Church.